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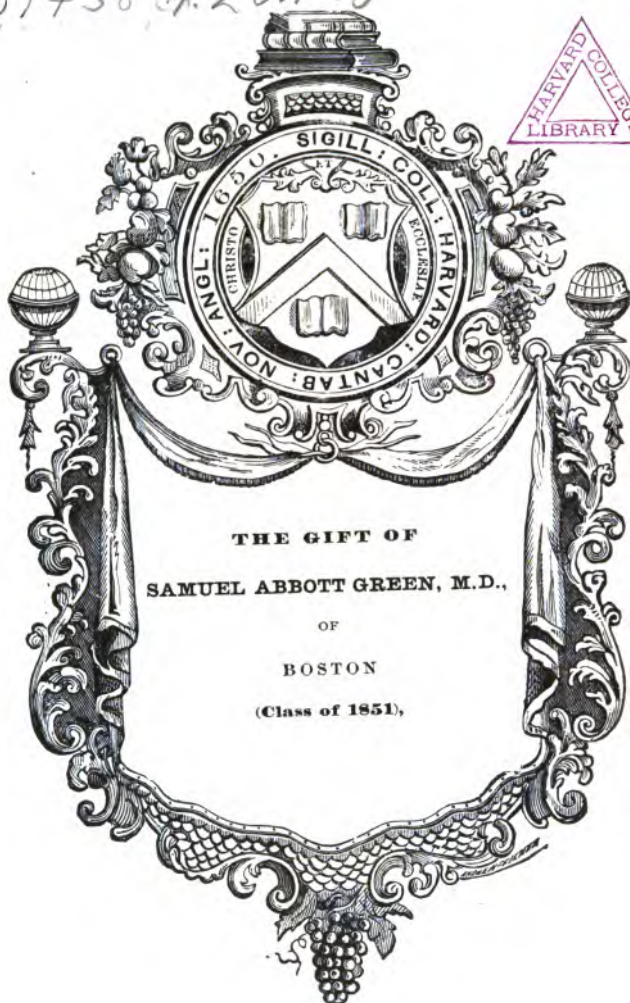
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Cover

Canonicus Memorial.



o
CANONICUS MEMORIAL.

Services of Dedication,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.

PROVIDENCE:
PROVIDENCE PRESS COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1883.

~~11353.8~~

US 14384.20.125

1883, Dec. 1.

Gift of
Hon. L. G. Green,
of Boston.

STATEMENT.

The erection of Boulder Memorials to distinguished Indian Sachems, who have left an impress on Rhode Island history, has long been a favorite idea with some of our most earnest Rhode Island historical writers, but thus far, it has been but rarely realized. The interest in Indian affairs, growing out of the late formal dissolution of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, has led to an additional realization in the erection and dedication of this memorial. A short time since, some workmen in excavating for a sewer on South Main street, nearly opposite the Providence National Bank, brought to the surface from a depth of about eight feet, a symmetrically shaped boulder of primitive granite, and of adequate dimensions, which, before civilization had filled up the land adjacent to the river, had evidently stood upon the banks of the stream. This stone falling under the observation of the Rev. F. Denison, seemed to him especially adapted to memorial purposes, and, through his efforts mainly, it was placed in its present position.

The undersigned, having been appointed a Committee of the Rhode Island Historical Society to "render public honors to the memory of Canonicus," as will appear by the letters hereinafter printed, at once proceeded to arrange for the dedication of this Boulder Memorial to that great chieftain, in the place known as "the glen," in the North Burial Ground. We were met on every hand by the most hearty greeting and co-operation. The programme of exercises was published gratuitously by the Providence *Daily Journal*, the

Evening Press, and the *Evening Telegram*, each in addition giving short editorial notices calling attention to the proposed services. The Providence High School contributed two hundred voices from among its pupils to sing on the occasion. The Union Railroad Company furnished free transportation to the pupils of the High School. The City of Providence provided the platform, and seats for some three hundred persons. The Commissioners of the North Burial Ground gave the plat of ground. The Mayor and all the city officials, rendered us free and effective aid. In a word, the free spirit of Canonicus seemed to have been caught, as by inspiration, by the people, and the result is seen in this "free will offering" to his memory. The services were in all respects creditable to the Society having them in charge, and most satisfactory to all present. The popular mind and heart were informed and touched, and a greatly awakened interest in all that relates to our Indian history has resulted. Henceforth, "Sachem's Glen," with all the touching memories that cluster about it, will be held as sacred ground by all the people of this State and their posterity.

ELISHA DYER,
ISAAC H. SOUTHWICK,
B. B. HAMMOND,
CHARLES GORTON,

Committee.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Ex-Gov. ELISHA DYER, PRESIDING.

READING OF LETTERS BY THE SECRETARY, B. B. HAMMOND, Esq.

UNVEILING THE MONUMENT, BY M. B. PROPHET, A NARRAGANSETT INDIAN.

SINGING BY TWO HUNDRED PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF B. W. HOOD, Esq.

INVOCATION BY REV. T. EDWIN BROWN, D. D., PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

ADDRESS BY GEN. HORATIO ROGERS.

POEM BY REV. FREDERIC DENISON.

SINGING BY THE PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

PRESENTATION OF THE MEMORIAL TO THE MAYOR, BY B. B. HAMMOND, Esq.

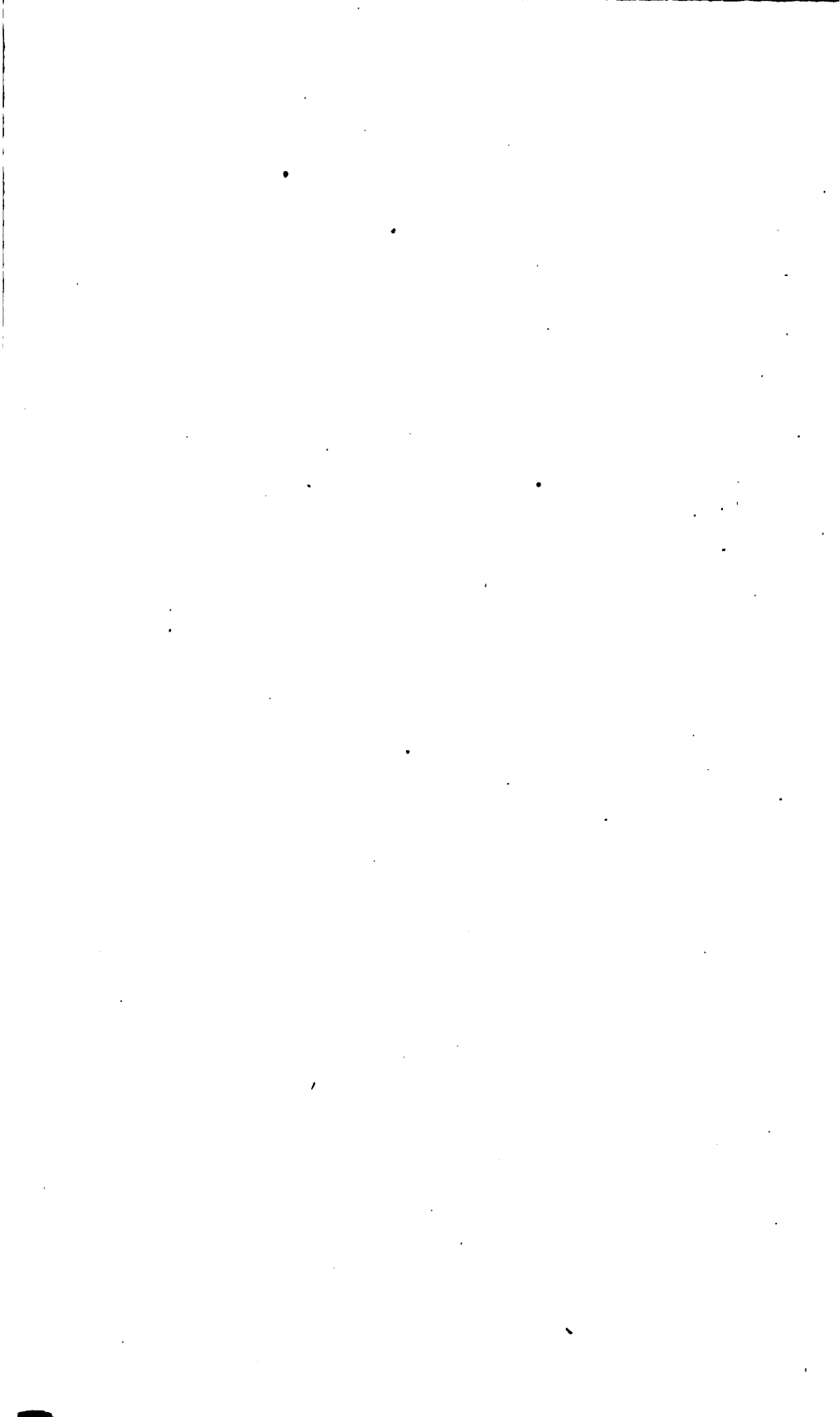
RESPONSE BY HON. WILLIAM S. HAYWARD, MAYOR.

SINGING BY THE PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

REMARKS BY HON. GEORGE CARMICHAEL, JR., OF THE INDIAN COMMISSION.

BENEDICTION BY THE REV. EDWIN M. STONE.

SINGING BY THE PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.



CANONICUS MEMORIAL.

REMARKS,

BY THE HON. ELISHA DYER.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS :

The appointed time for the dedicatory services of this memorial has come. In assuming the duties assigned me, it becomes me first, to express the regret of all present, at the unavoidable absence of the accomplished President of the Rhode Island Historical Society, who would much more appropriately have performed the duties of the hour. I am sure I do not arrogate any authority for Messrs. Southwick, Hammond, Gorton and myself, as the delegated representatives of the Society, when we unite in expressing the most revered and grateful homage for the memory of Canonicus, not only for the Society, but for the whole people of Rhode Island. My duty is not to make an address, but to direct the services of the occasion, whereby we transfer to his Honor the Mayor, as the representative of the city of Providence, the care and custody of this memorial rock, which, like him whose memory it commemorates, is, as both were, from Nature's God, without the impress of man's agency. When, in his official capacity, he addresses our people, but more especially our children, he will tell them how good and true was Canonicus to the Father of our State in his dreary solitude and exile, and say to them, if there had been no Canonicus, the light of Rhode Island's history through Roger Williams, might never have cast its bright and cheering rays upon a *then* half-enlightened age. In all that Rhode Island is, or may be, the key note was, "What cheer, Netop, what cheer?"

We will now proceed with the programme for the occasion.

READING OF LETTERS,

BY B. B. HAMMOND, ESQ.

TO THE HON. ELISHA DYER, AND MESSRS. ISAAC H. SOUTHWICK, B. B. HAMMOND AND CHARLES GORTON:

GENTLEMEN:—I learn with much pleasure that, at an early day in the present month, a Commemorative Stone is to be set up with public exercises, in the North Burial Ground in this city in honor of Canonicus, the distinguished Indian Chief whose name is so intimately associated with that of Roger Williams in the early history of Rhode Island. As, by special appointment, you have recently represented the Rhode Island Historical Society on a similar occasion at Fort Ninigret, I am sure that I only express the wishes of the Society and perform my duty as its President, when I request you to act again as its representatives in rendering public honors to the memory of Canonicus. A special engagement away from town will deny me the pleasure of being present on the occasion, or I would gladly join with you in expressing the interest which the Historical Society feels in this and in every memorial erected to the red men who once occupied the soil of Rhode Island.

I remain, Gentlemen, with sincere regard,
Very respectfully yours,

W. GAMMELL,

President of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

PROVIDENCE, September 5, 1883.

28 SOUTH COURT STREET,
PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 8th, 1883.

B. B. HAMMOND, Esq.

Secretary, Committee of R. I. Historical Society.

DEAR SIR:—Having finished my pleasant volunteer labor of selecting, transporting, locating and inscribing the Canonicus Memorial, I hereby formally and joyfully commit the completed work to the hands of your excellent committee, appointed for that purpose, to be unveiled and dedicated at such time and in such manner, as may seem to you suitable. I speak of the completed work, because the inscriptions of the Memorial, by Messrs. Toye & Holmes, and the final grading and turfing of the plat, all paid for in advance, will be finished in a few days. Herewith also find newspaper articles from my pen relative to the origin and completion of the work. In conclusion, as to any personal compensation for my services, beyond what yourself and all our fellow citizens feel in paying this debt of gratitude, I wait till I may meet Canonicus on the banks of the

river beyond, when if he shall salute me with "What Cheer Netop? What Cheer?" it will abundantly suffice me.

I have the honor to remain

Very respectfully yours,

F. DENISON.

THE MEMORIAL UNVEILED.

The Chairman, Ex-Governor Dyer, then introduced Moses B. Prophet, of the Narragansett Tribe, who, he said, "unites with us in behalf of his people in this tribute of love and honor to the memory of this noble old chieftain." The memorial was then unveiled by Mr. Prophet, revealing an oblong boulder of granite, five feet in height, and about two feet square, on which had been cut the name "Canonicus," in large letters, and, beneath it, a rude bow and arrow.

SINGING BY PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, "OLD HUNDRED."

PRAYER,

BY REV. T. EDWIN BROWN, D. D.

Eternal God, our Father and King! Help us now and always rightly to reverence, love and obey Thee, and let Thy richest blessings be upon us in the exercises of this hour. Thou hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hast determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation. Thy throne is built on righteousness and judgment. Thy true light lighteth every man, and they who in every nation fear Thee and work righteousness, are accepted by Thee. Even the wrath of man is made to praise Thee. We thank Thee for the first founders and builders of our own commonwealth. We thank Thee that even out of persecution and intolerance there was born a community to proclaim, defend and establish for all the world the integrity and supremacy of each

soul's personal conscience, as responsible for its religious judgments only unto Thee. We thank Thee for the generous hearts and the hospitable hands that welcomed our fathers to these shores. We thank Thee for kindness, truthfulness and high honor manifest among the sons of the forest. We thank Thee especially for the heroic chief whose memory we honor to day ; that he kept his plighted troth in spite of temptations to break it, and died with the wish in his heart and on his lips that the red men and the white men might live in peace together. We thank Thee that his wish has been so largely fulfilled, and that the policy of our commonwealth has been a policy of fraternity and fair dealing.

O God, thou Ruler of the Nations, who hast appointed magistrates to bear the sword of just administration, bless Thy servants, the Mayor of our city, the Governor of our commonwealth, the President of the United States, and all others in authority. Help them so to exercise themselves in their responsible trusts that health and temperance, honor, trustworthiness, high Christian morality and abundant temporal and spiritual prosperity may be promoted in all parts of our land. Bless the Rhode Island Historical Society, and grant that their endeavors to keep alive the memory of the past, and of the virtues and good report alike of our heathen and our Christian fathers, may induce in us all, as we may need, the spirit and the action of greater reverence from youth toward age, from children toward parents, from pupil toward teacher, from citizen toward government and law, from the thinkers of the present toward the thinkers of the past, and from all men toward Thy ancient truth and Thy revealed will, oh, Thou Holy One, who, from eternity to eternity, art God. Bless the teachers and pupils of our public schools, and let wise training and faithful learning result in Christian character and good citizenship. Bless us in receiving the lessons and inspirations of this hour. May an impulse go forth from this place that shall tend to wipe off from our nation the reproach of cruelty and bad faith in

our dealings with the wandering fragments of our aboriginal people. Teach us to love justice and charity, and to hate iniquity. Grant that our personal characters may be so moulded, and our work in life so done, that we may at last be part of the redeemed host gathered out of every nation. We ask these favors, with the forgiveness of our manifold sins, for the sake of Him who taught us most clearly thy Fatherhood and man's brotherhood, and that to fulfil all righteousness was to love Thee with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves, even for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. AMEN.

ADDRESS,

BY GEN. HORATIO ROGERS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN :

Rude, rough and rugged, as most appropriate for a great Indian chief, a memorial in the State of Rhode Island is at last to be found, inscribed with the name of Canonicus. If this commonwealth owes a debt of gratitude to any one besides its immediate founder, it is to him whom this rock commemorates ; for Roger Williams wrote, more than two centuries ago, "I declare to posterity that were it not for the favor God gave me with Canonicus, none of these parts, no, not Rhode Island, had been purchased or obtained, for I never got anything out of Canonicus but by gift."

Nature, not art, fashioned this stone, as it did the character of him whose name it bears. We gaze with admiration upon the finely wrought marble, and the cut and polished granite, the skilful hand of the artisan has erected all around, in memory of civilized man, but many a visitor to these sacred grounds will pass those elaborate designs by unheeded, and stop before this boulder, touched by its simplicity and the harmony of its surroundings. He cannot fail to be impressed by the landscape as he looks up the

hill and through the vale : his eyes will fall restfully on the greensward and the hillside : he will note the sturdy old oaks, with their wide-spreading branches shading the sun ; and, as he lingers here, his fancy will revert through the lapse of years to the time ere the stealthy step of the savage hunter, the elastic tread of the Indian maiden, and the wild reverberation of the war whoop, gave place to the advance of civilization, the bustle of business, and the din of industry. He will feel that this spot is dedicated by gratitude to the red man, and that the descendants of the early settlers, by inscribing this stone, sought, in some measure, to acknowledge an obligation to a friendly hand. As he reads the bold deep-cut letters, and scans the barbaric device beneath, if unfamiliar with the history of the bearer of the name, he will be impelled to inquire what cause of gratitude procured this picturesque spot to be dedicated, and this rude but pathetically appropriate memorial to be reared ;—and these are the facts he will glean.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago, while the primeval forest yet clad the land, and before the Pilgrims settled the New England coast, the Narragansetts were a powerful people, whose proper territory embraced that portion of our state lying west of Narragansett Bay, with the islands in its waters, but whose sway extended from the Merrimack to the sound, including the eastern end of Long Island. Tashtassuck, a mighty chief, the father of two children, a son and a daughter, ruled over them. Tradition has it, that deeming no one worthy of alliance in marriage with his children, he united them together, and Canonicus was the eldest of their offspring. The child grew to be a man, and succeeded to the rule of his ancestors. When Roger Williams, an outcast and a wanderer, sought these shores, Canonicus was an old man. Sage in council, but so far advanced in years as to prefer peace to war, he had associated his nephew, the young and warlike Miantinomi, with him in power ; and perfect harmony prevailed between the two chieftains. The

rule over the Narragansetts was thus characterized by the prowess of youth and the sagacity of age; and under it they multiplied in number and increased in power. In 1637, Roger Williams gave this homely touch to the difference in the tastes of uncle and nephew. "For any gratuities or tokens," he wrote, "Canonicus desires sugar, Miantinomi powder."

The early history of Rhode Island could almost as well be written without allusion to Roger Williams as Canonicus. Mention of the latter, likewise, necessitates reference to Miantinomi, one of the most splendid Indian characters that has come down to us, for Miantinomi was the complement of Canonicus, and neither can be separated from the other. Roger Williams, in speaking of them, says, "Canonicus was the heir, and his youngest brother's son, Miantinomi, (because of his youth,) was his marshal and executioner, and did nothing without his uncle's consent." But Miantinomi was by no means the mere reflection, or double, of his uncle. He had opinions of his own, and this fact is illustrated in a letter from Roger Williams to the Governor and Deputy-Governor of Massachusetts, written in 1637. "At my first coming," he says, "Canonicus was very sour, and accused the English and myself of sending the plague amongst them, and threatening to kill him especially. * * I discerned cause of bestirring myself, and staid the longer, and at last (through the mercy of the Most High) I * * sweetened his spirit. * * Miantinomi kept his barbarous court lately at my house, and with him I have far better dealing. He takes some pleasure to visit me, and sent me word of his coming over again eight days hence." Roger Williams, in one of his letters, speaks of "the old prince Canonicus, who was most shy of the English to his last breath." The old prince, however, was not shy of the English without cause. Before the Pilgrims first trod Plymouth Rock, the Wampanoags, a fierce tribe, dwindled by disease, had, in their weakness, passed under the sway of the Narragansetts.

Ousamequin, or, as afterwards called, Massasoit, was their sachem, and Wamsutta and Metacomet, or, as the latter is better known, Philip of Pokanoket, or King Philip, were his sons. The wily Massasoit, seeing the power of the whites and the destructiveness of their weapons, gained an alliance with them, whereby he emancipated his people from their dependence on the Narragansetts; and this example was followed by other tribes, much to the dissatisfaction of Canonicus.

When Roger Williams, an exile and a wanderer, sought the banks of the Moshassuck, he found the charity of the savage denizens of the wilderness, who professed nothing, superior to that of his white persecutors, who professed to fear God, though not practising His precepts. Notwithstanding his well-founded distrust of the English, Canonicus received the outcast with kindness, supplied his wants, and stayed his wanderings by conveying him land. Thenceforth Roger Williams, and Canonicus and Miantinomi, were firm and fast friends, and their fidelity and affection for each other never wavered. Roger Williams' interposition with these kingly red men was more than once invoked by the other colonies, especially in the Pequot war; and his influence with them never failed. The quaint language of Roger Williams in regard to their mutual relations, is as graphic as it is authoritative. "I desire posterity," he says, "to see the gracious hand of the Most High, (in whose hands are all hearts) that when the hearts of my countrymen and friends and brethren failed me, His infinite wisdom and merits stirred up the barbarous heart of Canonicus to love me as his son to his last gasp, by which means I had not only Miantinomi, and all the lowest sachems my friends, but Ousamequin also; * * and I never denied him or Miantinomi whatever they desired of me as to goods or gifts, or use of my boats or pinnace, and the travels of my own person, day and night, which, though men know not, nor care to know, yet the all-seeing

eye hath seen it, and His all-powerful hand hath helped me. Blessed be His holy name to eternity."

It should not be inferred that Roger Williams' first acquaintance with Canonicus dated from his banishment. Long before that he had known Canonicus, Miantinomi and Massasoit well, and these are his words as to his treatment of them. "I spared no cost towards them, and in gifts to Ousamequin and all his, and to Canonicus and all his, tokens and presents, many years before I came in person to the Narragansett; and therefore when I came, I was welcome to Ousamequin and to the old prince Canonicus." It should be borne in mind that Roger Williams, after his banishment, first settled east of the Seekonk on land of Massasoit and the Wampanoags, when, being warned that he was not beyond the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts colony, he betook himself further to the west into the country of the Narragansetts.

The dealings of Canonicus with our illustrious founder were characterized by a no niggard hand. At his first coming Canonicus and Miantinomi sold him "the lands and meadows upon the two fresh rivers, Moshassuck and Wanasquatucket"; and two years later, by deed, they established and confirmed "the bounds of these lands, from the river and fields of Pawtucket, the great hill of Notaquoncanot, on the northwest, and the town of Mashapaug, on the west"; and at the same time, "in consideration of the many kindnesses and services he hath continually done for us", to quote the language of the deed further, they did "freely give unto him all that land from those rivers reaching to Pawtuxet river; as also the grass and meadows upon said Pawtuxet river."

Let not him who looks upon this stone, impute to the artisan any lack of accuracy in cutting the bow and arrow thereon, as they are an exact, though enlarged, copy of the device, or sign manual, Canonicus affixed to the deed just referred to.* The difference between the devices of Canon-

*The accuracy of this statement has been questioned. See Appendix.

icus and Miantinomi affixed to that deed, is very suggestive to the imaginative mind, of the relations between the two men. The device of Canonicus is a bow with an arrow at rest ere the bow is bent; while that of Miantinomi is simply an arrow, after it had sped from the bow.

Tract after tract, from time to time, was conveyed to our founder and his associates and friends, so that the whole commonwealth was peaceably obtained by free and voluntary grant from Canonicus, Miantinomi, and their people, uncontaminated by fraud or violence. The founding of this little state, therefore, was due to two utterly incongruous elements, persecution and love;—the persecution of a Christian by his fellow Christians, and the love of barbarous heathen for the object of that persecution. "It was not price and money," says Roger Williams, "that could have purchased Rhode Island, but it was obtained by love."

In 1643, Miantinomi was murdered through the wickedness of the four united colonies (in Massachusetts and Connecticut), and the cruelty of Uncas, a Mohegan chief. "This was the end of Miantinomy," says Stephen Hopkins in his *Account of Providence*, "the most potent Indian prince the people of New England ever had any concern with; and this was the reward he received for assisting them seven years before, in their war with the Pequots. Surely a Rhode Island man may be permitted to mourn his unhappy fate, and drop a tear on the ashes of Miantinomy, who, with his uncle Canonicus, were the best friends and greatest benefactors the colony ever had. They kindly received, fed and protected the first settlers of it, when they were in distress, and were strangers and exiles, and all mankind else were their enemies; and by this kindness to them, drew upon themselves the resentment of the neighboring colonies, and hastened the untimely end of the young king."

This unhappy event was a grievous blow to Canonicus. His few remaining years were sad and weary, for the soul of the old chief was filled with gloomy forebodings for the

future of his race. He died June 4, 1647, his hair silvered with the frosts of more than eighty winters.

Such is the story of Canonicus, and such the cause of gratitude we owe him. Roger Williams calls him "a wise and peaceable prince," and it is certain he was far in advance of his people. He encouraged the pursuits of peace; and the Narragansetts excelled their neighbors in agriculture, and in the manufacture of wampum, shell ornaments, stone vessels, and various other articles Indians prized. He appreciated the danger to his people from the growing power of the whites, and he early learned the policy of cultivating peace with such powerful instruments of harm, so as not to provoke their resentment. These were once his words to Roger Williams:—"I have never suffered any wrong to be offered to the English since they landed, nor never will: * * if the Englishman speaks true, if he mean truly, then shall I go to my grave in peace, and hope that the English and my posterity shall live in love and peace together."

The conduct of Rhode Island has ever been characterized by justice to the tribe of Canonicus. Some of the seed of kindness and good-will that he sowed, has borne fruit to his race even in our day. Last summer, *finis* was written on the chronicles of the Narragansetts: their lands passed to the state, and their tribal existence ceased forever. Recently, at Fort Ninigret, the formal termination of that once powerful tribe was enacted, and some of the members of its feeble remnant *there* bore public testimony to the justice and equity that marked the dealings of the state. The love of their mighty chief had impressed the commonwealth.

Great spirit of Canonicus! Look down approvingly upon us this day, from thy happy hunting grounds. Beautiful as this grove is, tenderly as this stone was reared, it is not the magnitude of the memorial, but the quality of heart that dedicates it, that constitutes its worth. Though thy people have passed away, thy memory is held in grateful remem-

brance. Affection has inscribed this stone and dedicated this grove to thy memory. Long after *thy* posterity shall have disappeared from among men, the descendants of the white man, and his associates, whom thou befriended, will hand down thy name to *their* posterity with the same reverence they received it from their ancestors ; and as it has come down to us through the two hundred and forty years that have passed, freighted with affection, so we will transmit it to coming ages ; and each succeeding generation will rise up and call thee blessed.

CANONICUS.

BY REV. F. DENISON.

We reverent meet on hallowed ground to-day,
 Recalling times and scenes long passed away,
 When wild and tangled was this glen :
 When tameless beasts from bow-armed hunters fled,
 And leaping rivers to the ocean sped
 Unchecked by cunning arts of men.

Some then held iron theologic creeds,
 Endorsed, too oft, by steel-edged, piercing deeds,
 Misrepresenting truths of God ;
 And so these hills and valleys, prayerful found,
 Elect for Christian freedom's planting ground,
 By lonely exile feet were trod.

Velled in the solemn grandeur of the woods,
 All nature breathed, in her uncultured moods,
 Upon a wandering people rude,
 Who, though in Pagan darkness and unknown,
 Had native bosoms, kindred to our own,
 With tender thoughts of love imbued.

Before us comes an aged, tawny, fur-clad king,
 By the Great Spirit moved, rich gifts to bring—
 A "What Cheer" to our houseless sires,
 And deed of lands to be henceforth their home,
 With liberty the wilderness to roam,
 And share his cheering council fires.

That monarch, ruling o'er barbaric clans,
More kind and brotherly than Puritans,
To suffering right a refuge gave.
So noble and far-reaching was his deed,
That high historic honor is decreed
To crown the land that holds his grave.

As erst Elijah, in the wilderness,
In days of trial, hunger and distress,
By ravens was supplied with bread,
So Williams, pushed by persecution keen,
"Not knowing what or bed or board did mean,"
By this kind-hearted king was fed.

Should men, amid the haste and dust of life,
Merged in the smoke and clouds of party strife,
His name its proper place deny,
Out of the hills whereon he scepter swayed,
And from the banks of rivers where he strayed,
The loyal stones would surely cry.

Formed by the Almighty hand in ages past,
By bergs on marge of the Moshassuck cast,
This speaking stone was haply found—
Fit symbol of the native, solid man,
Whose deed was in the providential plan
Of freedom, born to be renowned.

On deep foundation by affection placed,
Bright with his own love-writ sign-manual graced,
These friendly patriarch oaks beneath,
It stands, and like an epic poem reads,
Reciting stormy, yet triumphant deeds
To wear henceforth historic wreath.

That signature—the arrow of the Lord
Shot from a bow defensive of His Word,
When bigots blind made bloody boast—
The arrow of rebuke from heathen hand,
Awarding conscience freedom in our land,
To bless, at last, our every coast.

There is an inborn eloquence of thought—
Ne'er yet in schools of learning fully caught—
In all the handiworks and ways
Of God, who plans by goodness, as by power,
And gives to man, in the appropriate hour,
New subjects freighted with his praise.

So let no dullard think to slight, or mock
 This Heaven-hewn stone. It now, like Horeb's rock,
 Touched by the rod of faith and art,
 Pours thought—historic waters pure and sweet—
 Memorial streams of quickening truth to greet
 And happy vivify the heart.

No honest party conscience would we shock,
 But still there was a flaw in Plymouth Rock.
 It stood inscribed to "Church and State:"
 While in Rhode Island's boundaries alone
 Was set the flawless, Heaven-configured stone
 Now owned afar as pure and great.

While men rejoice in liberty of soul,
 Allegiant gladly to divine control,
 They justly honor Williams' claim;
 But let no generation e'er forget
 To thoughtful weigh and thankful pay the debt
 They owe to his protector's name.

A fable says, the founders of famed Rome
 Were nourished by a wolf. But nearer home
 We find a fact of sweeter sense:
 The great apostle of his age drew strength
 From swarthy pagan, gaining thus, at length,
 The fame of founding Providence.

So by benignant Heaven are we endued,
 The sweetest bloom of hearts is gratitude.
 Thus cherished, fragrant lives with us,
 As purest blossom from our native lea,
 Embalmed with all our love of liberty
 The royal name, Canonicus.

Not his the fate of ill-starred bloom to share—
 To "waste its sweetness on the desert air;"
 But, born to hail the Christian light,
 Sent his and all earth's kingdoms to illumine,
 He proved, and poured abroad, the pure perfume
 Of friendship, brotherhood and right.

Not magnitude, but quality of gem
 Elects it to adorn a diadem.
 So here, above all art, in tone,
 In crystal wealth, almost in form of man,
 Composed and sculptured by our Father's plan,
 Stands this memorial, song-lipped stone.

Ye aged, reverend, kingly, guardian oaks,
Whose arms have braved a thousand battle strokes,
This sacred, royal symbol own.
Ye hallowed hills, shaped by the Hand Divine,
Obedient to your Maker's wise design,
Forever watchful guard this stone.

Fair city, happy where once reigned this king,
Here now, and evermore, your tribute bring,
As mid your fathers' graves you tread,
And, of the fragrant flowers that bless your homes,
With grateful hands, some choicest of your blooms
On this memorial kindly spread.

And may Rhode Island's soul be moved to raise
Yet other just memorial stones of praise
For princely Narragansett men.
There let Miantonomi's record stand:
Canonchet's here, unhewn by human hand,
Ordaining this as SACHEM'S GLEN.

September 21, 1883.

SINGING BY THE PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, "AMERICA."

PRESENTATION ADDRESS,

BY B. B. HAMMOND, ESQ.

MR. MAYOR :

After listening to the rehearsal of the story of Canonicus, and his friendship to Roger Williams, the founder of our state, by the distinguished orator and poet of this occasion, it now remains to me, as one of the committee of the Rhode Island Historical Society having this matter in charge, and in its name, to formally present this memorial to you, and through you to the city of Providence.

This beautiful, secluded place, these winding paths, this romantic glen, these massive oaks that have withstood the blasts and storms of a century, now bending in graceful protection o'er this rude, but most appropriate, memorial, all impress us with the thought that God made this spot, with its surroundings, a fitting memorial to the great chieftain

and friend, whose memory and deeds we are here to perpetuate. We are not grouped in mourning around his grave; for where rests all that was mortal of him is not positively known; but rather are we here to commemorate his simple faith in the "Great Spirit," his true nobility of nature, his sagacity and honor, which through all his dealings with Roger Williams and his associates were never tarnished, his kindness and noble charity, and all the traits of his highest manhood, which together, make his memory worthy of immortality. Canonicus, in these respects, is not dead; neither can his memory die out of the hearts of the people, who, in the Providence of God, he so unselfishly and nobly served.

Barbarian, you may call him, yet, under the light of that "Great Spirit" in whom he trusted, he developed traits of character that were Christian. In the fullness of time, God sent forth Roger Williams as His chosen servant, conducted his weary feet to the rude wigwam of this noble old chief-tain, who, notwithstanding his natural distrust, extended his right hand, received him with hospitality, and adopted him as a friend. Thus Paganism and Christianity clasped hands; and the proclamation of soul liberty, yea, of civil and religious liberty, was made possible and effective. This friendship and Christian kindness thus begun, ripened into deeds of noble charity, of mutual counsel, protection and helpfulness, and in each, developed the highest manhood. Roger Williams declares, "my only desire was to do the natives good." Canonicus and Miantinomi, in their first deed of land to him, say, all this, "in consideration of the many kindnesses and services he hath continually done for us." Thus was the great Christian principle of self-sacrifice, and its legitimate offspring and ennobling virtue, *gratitude*, illustrated.

Standing on a portion of the land thus coming to us through the gratitude of these Pagan kings, surrounded by thriving towns, villages and cities, with their hum of busy industry, our Christian temples of worship, seminaries and schools of learning, with our beautiful home-life, and all the

blessings of a Christian civilization, how *can* we suppress emotions of gratitude to these noble chieftains, to Roger Williams, and above all, to Him, who thus caused "the light to spring out of darkness?" Who, in the presence of such evidence, can doubt that in the unfolding of the higher from the lower, God is over all and in all?

As a people professing to be Christian, we are summoned to a survey of our inheritance and the sources from which it sprang. To Canonicus and Miantinomi, Rhode Island owes more than to all others. They lived, and Rhode Island exists as a State to-day.

Faith in God, kindness, charity, honor, nobility, manhood, Christian character,—*these can never die*. Over and about them are the silent, invisible, all-protecting forces of the Infinite. Heaven and earth may pass away, but these *never*. When we have learned the wonderful power of these virtues, especially those of kindness, charity, and honor, we shall have advanced far in the solution of the Indian question. As a people we have been, and still are, not without guilt in our treatment of these "wards of the nation." We have accustomed ourselves to the idea that might makes right, that the weaker must succumb to the stronger, that the defenceless are the natural objects of plunder; but are not these the motive forces that nerve the arm of the assassin, the highwayman and the savage? and shall *we* adopt them as ours? Does history record an instance of a people thus conquered, pillaged, robbed, who were peaceful and contented on the same soil with the conquerer? Does not the sense of wrong and injustice always ultimate in outbreak and retaliation, when occasion offers? But of the chieftain we commemorate to-day, it may be proudly said, "his policy was peace." He was termed, "the sage and peaceful Canonicus," and these traits in his character, with all they imply, should enshrine his memory in all our hearts.

Accept, sir, this memorial, and may it stand here as a representative of the principles we have set forth, and as a silent

rebuke to the grasping and avaricious spirit of this age. Protect it, as it stands in its grand, silent majesty, proclaiming the gratitude of the people to *him* whose memory it commemorates.

RESPONSE,

BY HON. WILLIAM S. HAYWARD, MAYOR.

MR. CHAIRMAN :

The occasion which brings us here to-day is one to evoke the heartiest commendation of every citizen of this city, who loves his home and cherishes the memory of those who have made it. The interest which has been evinced during the past few years, in perpetuating in bronze or stone the memory of the men and the events which have illuminated the pages of Rhode Island's history, should be hailed with the deepest satisfaction, and I cannot refrain, at this time, from paying a just tribute of praise to the Historical Society, to whose efforts this is largely due. The statue of the great founder of our commonwealth in enduring bronze has only for six years adorned the beautiful park that bears his name. It is eminently fitting that we, who have reaped the rewards of his privations and toil, who enjoy the liberty for which he wrought, and are proud of the glory which he left as the heritage of our state, should thus have done him honor. The gratitude we bear to those, whose blood was shed that our country might live, is voiced in bronze and stone. Their names, enrolled upon imperishable tablets, teach to us and our children, as we gaze upon them, lessons of patriotism and self-sacrifice; and the day is near at hand when a monument to their gallant leader will be added to the number, even then too small, which adorn our city. The graves of our French allies in the Revolution, neglected and well-nigh forgotten, have been rescued from oblivion, and the stone which marks the spot, will quicken the memory of their

deeds, and remind us of the debt of gratitude we owe the friend of our infant republic.

In accepting this, the latest addition to the public monuments of our city, as the servant and official representative of her people, I extend to the donors in behalf of their fellow-citizens, hearty and well deserved thanks. As he, who plants a tree, confers a benefit upon his fellows, so, in a higher sense, those whose intelligent appreciation of worth leads them to hold it up in visible form, to inspire and instruct their fellow-men, should be classed among our benefactors. This stone, with its simple inscription, will be a center about which may cluster historic associations most gratifying to the honest pride of every citizen of our State. Here we may read that confidence and good faith were returned in kind; that our forefathers found in the red man a friend and not an enemy; that the title deeds to the lands where our fair city stands, were not written in blood and sealed with treachery; that we of Rhode Island have in our dealings with that race, which has faded away before the white man like dew before the sun, nothing to regret, nothing we must defend. Words of mine are not needed to add to the eloquent measure of praise with which the sagacity, the fidelity and the timely offices of the noble forest chief, to whose memory we pay this afternoon, our simple tribute, have been recalled by the orators and poet of the day. It seems fitting that this beautiful spot, within these sacred grounds where rest, it is said, the ashes of the great apostle of "soul liberty," should be the spot on which to raise this stone, a witness to the grateful remembrance in which we hold the name of his faithful friend, the peaceful King Canonicus.

SINGING BY PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

REMARKS.

BY HON. GEORGE CARMICHAEL, JR., OF THE INDIAN COMMISSION.

MR. CHAIRMAN :

Ever since the idea of setting up this stone has been known to me, I had promised myself the pleasure of being present when these exercises took place ; but when I learned that the committee having the matter in charge, might call upon me for remarks, and knowing my inability to say anything that would add interest to the occasion, it seemed that I must either absent myself or appear discourteous in not complying with their request. Finally, sir, my desire to testify by my presence the interest I felt in this effort to perpetuate in material form the fame of one so intimately connected with the early history of our state, overcame all other considerations. No man, not of our own race, deserves kindlier memories than Canonicus, the brave and humane old Chief of the Narragansetts, savage though he was, and surrounded as he was by the fierce and barbaric customs of his people. With thousands of followers ready and eager to obey any command, no matter how cruel, the old warrior refrained from destroying the little band of an alien race, who came seeking an asylum away from their own people. From what we know of this old Indian King, there does not appear a grander character in our colonial history. The trust and confidence which subsisted unbroken between Canonicus and Roger Williams, is ennobling to human nature to contemplate. The promises of one to the other, were never broken. The one untutored and unlearned, the other the embodiment of the highest civilization of his day, no act of treachery marks the relation between the two men. Their names are inseparable, and as imperishable the one as the other. Without the aid of Canonicus, the experiment of

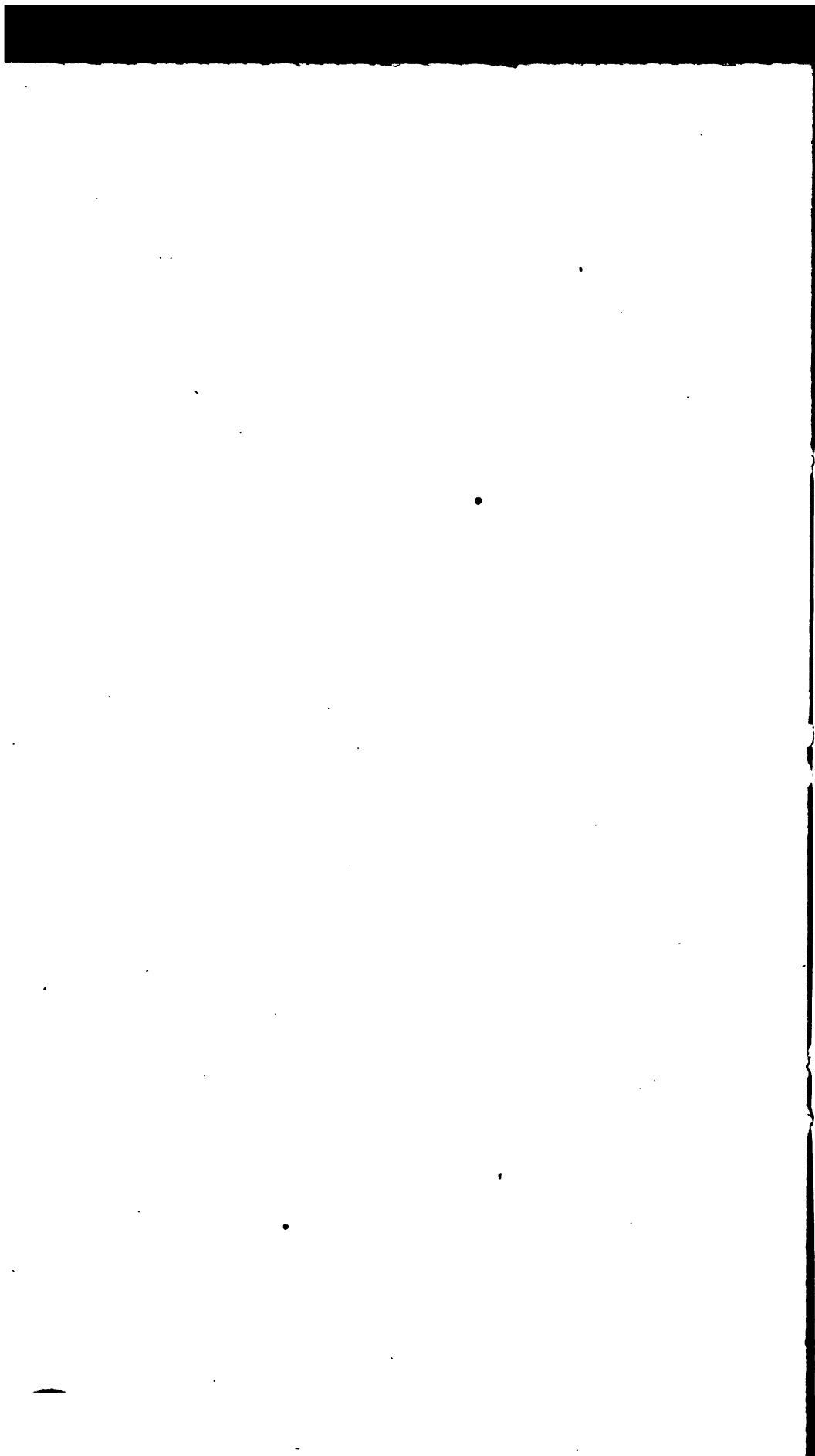
civil government founded on religious, as well as political freedom, would have been postponed perhaps for generations. I commend to the young, as well as to those of maturer years, a closer study of the character of the man whose name is engraved on this boulder. It was the same generous spirit of hospitality extended by Canonicus to Williams and his compatriots that led the Narragansetts to shelter King Philip, when being hunted to his death. Their refusal to surrender him incurred the enmity of a sister colony, whose soldiers invaded their lands, destroyed their homes and murdered their helpless women and children. The great point to consider in the intercourse between the red men and our forefathers, was not only the generous hospitality extended, but the almost perfect faith in which they fulfilled every promise. I do not now recall a more graceful act in recent years than the one you are engaged in to-day; and the gentleman who suggested it, as well as those who have assisted him, deserve great honor, not only now, but for all time.

When Mr. Carmichael had concluded, Annie A. Thomas, a little Narragansett Indian girl, stepped upon the platform and in behalf of the tribe, presented him with a bouquet of flowers.

BENEDICTION,

BY REV. EDWIN M. STONE.

SINGING BY PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL,
"STAR SPANGLED BANNER."



APPENDIX.

A bow and arrow were cut upon the memorial stone for two reasons; first, because they were so thoroughly symbolical of an Indian, and especially of a Narragansett; and, secondly, because they were sometimes used by Canonicus when making his mark, and it was supposed at the time, that the deed referred to in the address was so signed. The particular bow and arrow cut on the boulder, is an enlargement of the mark of Canonicus on a printed copy of the deed referred to in the address, to be found in Staples' Annals of Providence, page 27. As *that* purported to be a fac-simile, it was unhesitatingly adopted by the person having the preparation of the memorial in charge, and the orator accepted that authority as worthy of credit. Some question having been raised whether the statement in the address was strictly accurate, has led to further investigation.

In the Providence Registry of Deeds there is a tattered fragment of what is claimed to be the original deed of Canonicus and Miantinomi. The mark of Canonicus thereon is a very rude bow:—so rude, however, with the curve below and the string above, that some fancy it was intended for a canoe. It was doubtless meant for a bow, and Prof. Knowles so designates it in his Memoir of Roger Williams, page 107. The record of this deed, for it was "enroled Aprill ye 4th, 1662," shows that Thomas Olney, Jun., the then Town Clerk, thought that Canonicus's mark was intended for a bow. See Town Records of Providence, the 3d book chronologically, page 460. Canonicus likewise affixed a bow to his and Miantinomi's deed of "ye Iland called chibachuwese," now Prudence, to Gov. John Winthrop and Roger Williams, dated "the 10th of ye 9th month in ye yeare ye Peuts were subdued," as shown by the record made the 28th of the 5th month, 1682, contained in "The Book of Land Evidence belonging to ye Town of Portsmouth, No. 1," (really 2 chronologically), page 191.

Canonicus did not confine himself to a bow exclusively, however, when making his mark, as he apparently adopted any device that suited his fancy at the time. To a receipt dated Nov. 22, 1639, for divers articles for the Indians inhabiting the Island of Aquidneck, he affixed a bow and arrow, as recorded in the "Records of the Island of Rhode Island, 7th March, 1638 to 12th March, 1644," in the Secretary of State's office, page 68. According to the printed Rhode Island Colonial Records, Vol. 1, page 46, he likewise used a bow and arrow, in signing the deed of the Island of Aquidneck to William Coddington and others, March 24, 1637. To the submission of various Indian sachems to the government of England, dated April 19, 1644, Canonicus affixed a mark composed of a vertical line extending upward from the middle of a horizontal line. See Gorton's Simplicities Defence, London edition of 1646, page 84; Staples edition in Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society, Vol. 2, page 160; also Rhode Island Colonial Records, Vol. 1, page 136. If the person signing a letter to the authorities of Massachusetts, May

24, 1644, was the great Canonicus, he there used a hatchet or tomahawk; though Staples, in his edition of *Simplicities Defence*, page 162, gives his mark as a vertical line rising upward from a horizontal line. See *Simplicities Defence*, London edition of 1646, page 86. Thus there seem to have been at least three several figures, and perhaps four, that Canonicus used for a sign manual, one of them being a bow and arrow.

An examination of the old town records of Providence, Warwick and Portsmouth, particularly of the two latter towns, discloses the fact that Indians, in making their marks, seldom confined themselves to the same character. Miantinomi not only used an arrow on more than one occasion, but in a deed to Benedict Arnold, Dec. 23, 1641, according to the record made in 1686, he used a mark like a large irregular W. See *Warwick Town Records*, the 3d book chronologically, being the first regular *Land Records*, page 104. Again, to a deed to John Greene, dated Oct. 1, 1642, he made a triangle, with two of the sides projecting beyond the angle. See *Warwick Town Records*, the earliest book, not paged. Finally, to a deed to Randall Holden and others, Jan. 12, 1642, Miantinomi affixed a bow and arrow. See "*Rhode Island Land Records, 1648 to 1696*," in the Secretary of State's office, page 158. Moosup, Mossup or Maussopp, alias Sucquan, Susquam, or Sucquansh, alias Pessicus, alias Conanicus, a brother of Miantinomi, signed a bow and arrow June 16, 1662; a square figure surmounted by a curved top May 27, 1659; (See *Warwick Town Records*); and a rude figure, doubtless meant for a bow, the 27th of the 6th month, 1645. See printed *Records of Plymouth Colony*, Vol. 9, page 48.

There seems to be some confusion which of Miantinomi's brothers was sometimes called Conanicus or Canonicus, for the spelling of this name, like that of most other Indian names, is very various. A deed dated May 1, 1675, in the "*Rhode Island Land Records, 1648 to 1696*," page 103, is signed with the bow and arrow of "Connonicus formerly called Maussopp chief sachim of the Narragansett." According to the letter to the government of Massachusetts by the sachems of the Narragansetts, dated May 24, 1644, already referred to, there seems to have been a brother of Miantinomi, other than Pessicus or Maussup, calling himself Conanicus, unless the person there signing is Miantinomi's uncle, the great Canonicus, instead of his brother; though the letter speaks of him as Miantinomi's brother.

This enumeration of Indian marks could be extended well nigh indefinitely; hence the reader is referred to the records of the older towns for further illustrations. A bow and arrow seemed to have been a very favorite mark with Narragansett Indians, as the early records show that a score or more sachems used it at different times.

The names of some of the Indians were almost as various as their marks. Miantinomi was also Mecumeh; Ousamequin was Massasoit; Quanchit, or Canonchet, was Nanno, and Nannuntennew; Pessicus, we have seen, had several aliases; and Coginaquand or Cachinaquant, "chief sachem and commander of all the Indians of Narragansitt and Quononaquutt Island in Narragansitt Bay and other Islands neere adjacent to the said Quononaquutt and Rhode Island in New England," in 1638, was likewise named Tasseconokutt or Tasquanat; and also, according to Judge Potter's *Early History of Narragansett*, page 172, Tassarono. Illustrations of this looseness in the use of names, are nearly as numerous in the old town records, as the varieties of marks or sign manuals, and the reader, in addition to such records, is referred to Potter's *Early History of Narragansett*, pages 171 to 173.

A bow and arrow, it would therefore seem, would be a very proper symbol to be placed on a rough boulder memorial of Canonicus, and particularly as

they can be readily recognized; whereas many of the Indian representations of bows and other figures are so very rude that it is by no means easy to determine always what they were intended for. The bow and arrow used by Samuel Gorton, in his *Simplicities Defence*, in 1646, was clearly not intended for a fac-simile, as it is drawn with precision and regularity. The one, which we shall see was so often used by later Rhode Island historians, was evidently suggested by that used by Gorton; but it was made roughly and irregularly, and is well adapted to cause one to believe that it was meant for a fac-simile.

The particular bow and arrow cut on the memorial stone, seems to have been adopted by various writers as the standard representative of a Narragansett Indian bow and arrow; for it has served many, through a term of years, for various Indians; and it is very certain it could not have been a fac-simile of all their marks; perhaps, not of any. Thus it has served, turned different ways, Hon. William R. Staples, in his edition of *Simplicities Defence*, published in 1835, for Pessicus, page 160, and for Miantinomi, page 254. The Hon. Elisha R. Potter has likewise used it for Pessicus, in his *Early History of Narragansett*, page 44, published also in 1835. Professor Romeo Elton in editing Callender's *Discourse*, printed in 1838, has thrice pressed it into service for Canonicus, though he has once twisted it about; pages 205, 215, 218. Judge Staples brought it into requisition again, in his *Annals of Providence*, in 1843, for Canonicus, Caujaniquaunte, Aiaquaomit, and Quequaganewet, pages 27, 568 twice, 570. Finally, the Hon. John R. Bartlett, in Vol. 1, of the *Rhode Island Colonial Records*, published in 1856, has used it no less than six times, viz.: once each for Canonicus, Caujaniquante, Aiquamit, and Quequaganewit; and twice for Pessicus: pages 18, 35, 36, 38, 136 and 138.

Surely, no other device than that inscribed on the Canonicus memorial, could have been selected, which has been so thoroughly endorsed by eminent Rhode Island writers as fitly symbolical of a Narragansett sachem.

H. R.

